Revenge of a Reagan: Carmen, I.M.P., and the Glowing Hands Girl

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by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Carmen thought the defeat of VILE was the end and she could relax. Little did she know, but she would be pulled into a conspiracy bigger than a group of villains and learn of a shadowy government organization which manufactures conspiracies. In the process, she, her friends Zack and Ivy, and her hacker friend, would cross paths with one woman who wanted to get back at her former employer for firing her, and a woman with glowing green hands, while a group of demons from the depths of Hell tries to kill them all!

Notes

This is set right after the battle with VILE in the final season of Carmen Sandiego. For this story, let's just say that Carmen Sandiego takes place in the same world as Helluva Boss, Inside Job, and Kim Possible. I did not mean for it to be this long since the first fic in October, but finally I'm done. I did not expect the first fic to be so popular. However, its popularity encouraged me to write this second part. In a future part of the series, I believe I can fit in Stolas. I am going to continue this series, although I can't say when Part 3 will be out. Hopefully, sometime in the next two months.

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update on 12/14/24: This fic has been cross-posted on Squidge World and the updated text used there has been reposted here. After doing that, I realized I had severely neglected this series and would love to continue this series in the new year (2025).

Update #2 on 12/22/24: My latest Kim Possible fic, which brings together Kim, her dad, and Monique, as her ideas about the Russia-Ukraine war are challenged, is out, and entitled "James the Gleeful "Freedom Soldier," Ukraine, and Kim's Quandary. Thanks to everyone for reading this fic!

Update #3 on 1/5/25: The fic has been cross-posted on Quotev.

See the end of the work for more notes

Police swarmed the headquarters of the Villains International League of Evil, commonly called "VILE." The evildoers had *finally* been defeated. She could take it easy for once. She had spent her entire life as an international thief. And with ACME, the Agency to Classify and Monitor Evildoers, now on her side, what could go wrong?

"Red, we have a problem," she heard in her earpiece. She groused.

They had ended the reign of pernicious villains. *What* could be the issue? What could interrupt this glorious victory?

"Player, what is it?" she asked, *clearly* annoyed that he was bothering her.

He grumbled. He would have liked to enjoy their victory. As he was surfing the web, a story caught his eye.

"Reagan Ridley takes helm of Cognito, Inc.," the title of the *Underground Conspiracy Times* ran. He shared it with Carmen on her phone.

"Red, here's what I'm worried about…this Reagan Ridley fellow." She shrugged. *Why* would this be a problem? *What* did it matter? *Who* was Reagan Ridley anyway?

"I don't know much about 'Reagan Ridley,' but I do know about Cognito…it's a shadowy government organization which *supports* VILE."

Carmen's ears perked up. An organization…which *backs VILE*? Why hadn't he mentioned this before? Wouldn't it have been better to go after *them* instead of spending all this time fighting VILE?

"Let's go after them!" she exclaimed.

Player explained why this would be a challenge. He hoped she'd understand.

"I agree, Red. We must be careful…they have eyes *everywhere*."

She snickered. What could Player be worried about? He was a skilled hacker. He could stop them in their tracks.

He scurried around his room, looking under anything, searching for anything that could be a camera. He didn't want to be captured. From what he heard on the dark web, people who talked about Cognito were *never seen again*. He breathed deeply. Everything would be fine, he thought.

Seconds later, Carmen stared at her screen in horror. She saw three men in suits burst into his room.

She yelled. "Player, watch out!"

He shrieked. They had trapped him between themselves and his computer.

He hollered. "If you take one step closer, the computers will get it!’"

The men shrugged. They didn't dare approach. A 30-something woman dressed in a lab coat, green paints, low-cut socks, and white sneakers appeared out of nowhere. She pulled out what looked like a lipstick tube.

She snickered. "You aren't going *anywhere*, buddy."

Touching a button, it released an electric shock. He slumped onto the ground.

Carmen saw this all unfold and was horrified. She shouted. "Let him go!"

The same woman she saw before donned a ski mask and wore a hoodie, to disguise her identity. The woman chuckled. She addressed Carmen directly, looking into the camera.

She declared, "if you want your friend back…you need to come to Cognito."

The woman then turned to the side, remarking, "I'll be expecting you…*Red lady*."

She walked out of the room. Player was dragged out by three burly men. His mother would have objected, but she had been given a sedative.

Turning the video off, Carmen stuffed her cell phone in her pants pocket. She ran over to her friends, Zack and Ivy, who were celebrating the victory over VILE.

"Uh, guys, Player was kidnapped," she said matter-of-factly.

They looked at her with shock. Was she *pranking* them?

Ivy had to make sure. "Are you being real with us, Carm?"

She nodded solemnly. Zack shuttered, as did Ivy. *Who* would do such a thing? Carmen wasn't sure.

Trying to find him would be a challenge. She had technical skills and know-how. She depended on Player to commit her acts of international thievery. As she started to talk to her team about their next steps, her phone buzzed. Quickly pulling it out of her pocket, she nervously pressed the home button. The screen shimmered.

"I have you *now*, Carmen Sandiego," a voice off screen declared.

She recognized the voice. It was the *same* one as the woman who had kidnapped her friend! She saw Player restrained and tied to a chair.

"Don’t hurt him!" she pleaded.

The woman laughed. Carmen was unaware of the power of Cognito.

She said softly, "Gigi, activate the hypnosis setting." Her phone began emitting a specific frequency which put her in a trance. Zack and Ivy tried to snap her out of it, but they were

sucked in too.

"Come to Cognito, Inc. Your friend will be safe," the message commanded. From there, they blindly followed its instructions and marched onto a black helicopter. Back at headquarters, Reagan sighed. Was it *worth it* to go to all this effort? She pressed a button and the restraints on Player were released and the ropes were sliced apart.

He was surprised. Did they want him to escape? As he started to leave, Reagan came close to him and shook her finger. She stood in his way.

"You are one of the best hackers out there…and I brought you here for a reason…don't you *want to know* why?"

He shrugged. He wasn't sure how to answer her question. Was he supposed to be curious? Should he fight or flee? He decided to entertain her notion, for now. "Sure…Ms…"

She grumbled and rolled her eyes. Did she *really* need to tell this hacker who she was? Would that even help? She decided to tell him anyway.

"Ridley…Reagan Ridley…CEO of Cognito, Inc…how about you…Mr. Hacker."

He chuckled. He responded, introducing himself. "I'm Player."

He extended his hand. Reagan remained wary. She took a step back, then pulled a file folder out from under her jacket.

"This says that your last name is Bouchard…there is no first name listed…how *convenient*."

Player shrugged. He had no intention of revealing his first name to her or to anyone. It wasn't anyone's business! Not even Carmen knew it. Neither did Zack or Ivy. Luckily for him, Reagan could care less about his first name. She had brought him there with a specific purpose in mind, although he wasn't sure why. He would find out soon enough.

Reagan paced across the room. Where was Carmen Sandiego and her friends? She started to grow impatient. Suddenly, three guards in black camo gear brought Carmen, Zack, and Ivy into the same room. As the door closed behind them, Reagan typed on her phone the message "turn it off." She received a one word reply from GIGITHO, the name that her friend used in the chat program. She placed her phone into a compartment on the door and it was sucked away to her office. She pressed a button on the wall. it made all electronic devices inoperable, like a localized EMP. They were completely alone. No one would be watching them, this time.

Carmen came to her senses, followed by Zack and Ivy. She got in Reagan's face. She was furious.

"*Why the hell* did you kidnap us…and Player…what the fuck do you want?"

She moved her head from side to side. Carmen had it all wrong. She knew that she had to set the record straight. She did not want them to be enemies. She stared right back at Carmen with her brown eyes. To get ready for this meeting, she had done the unusual thing of putting

on makeup to *cover up* her eye bags. She wanted to hide her sleep deprivation from others, realizing that characteristic could *easily* be exploited by those around her and others.

"I'd like to recruit you," she said, seriously.

Player knew this was coming. Zack and Ivy were confused. Carmen was thoroughly surprised.

She snapped back to reality and became incensed yet again. She hollered "couldn't you have just asked us?"

Reagan grumbled. Carmen *really* didn't understand what Cognito did. Reagan then rolled her eyes and decided to give her the down low.

"We are a shadow government organization…we have *rules and protocol*…we can't just go to you…and ask."

She then sheepishly added, "...and I thought you'd all flee if we tried to come in and talk… after you took down those people you call 'villains'."

Carmen thought she'd say that Cognito worked with VILE. It would make sense she would say that after what Player had told her about the connection between the two organizations. *How* were they able to stay afloat after the defeats at her hands? It seemed logical.

Reagan made clear that *wasn't* the connection. This meant that either Player had been incorrect and misled, or that Reagan wasn't being honest with them.

"VILE were a bunch of jerks…so thanks for taking them down."

She cleared her throat. She believed it was time to announce why she had brought all four of them there to Cognito. She *had to be honest*, at least this time.

"I'd like you to steal the silver patriot jewel from the Ladies of the Great Rebellion…from their museum, which is right here in the nation's capital."

Carmen had not predicted that this woman, who seemed mysterious to her, would propose she take an object from a museum. Staying a bit skeptical, she demanded to know why this jewel had to be taken. What value did it have?

"*Why* do *you* need it anyway?"

Reagan laughed. She didn't expect such a question from a person she thought was so smart. She explained why it mattered.

"The LGR is a wicked place. I *once worked there*…they canned my ass because I wasn't as productive as they had wanted…what pretentious jerks."

Zack piped up. He couldn't believe his ears. "You want to get a jewel so you can *screw over* your former workplace?"

Reagan rolled her eyes. When he put it like that, it seemed malicious. She could care less about that belief. "I want to *expose* their sorry asses to the world and make them pay. They need to suffer for what they've done, those White supremacist posers."

She added, "I regret even spending over five months there…and they made me go through online training so I could analyze requests to join their *fucking hoity-toity society*."

Just thinking about it made her angrier. Impulsively, she growled and lashed out. She shouted. "Can't you see that I'm in *agony* over this! Aren't you all about justice and doing the *right thing*?"

Carmen was taken aback. Realizing she had gone too far, Reagan stepped back and started to apologize. She didn't want to turn them off. At times she really couldn't deal with people. Too much interaction caused her to be socially exhausted.

"I…didn't mean to yell at you and your crew…you are the *best in the business*…will you do it…and help me, *please*?" She mulled it over. She murmured with Zack, Ivy, and Player. It could be a gamble or a trap. Reagan recognized that Carmen might be close to rejecting her offer.

Without much thought, she blurted out, "Such a cute, snappy dresser like you wouldn't turn down an offer from a *pretty girl like me*, right?"

Carmen's face became as red as a strawberry. She wasn't prepared for this *at all*. Even when she met Julia Argent, an ACME agent that Zack and Ivy guessed that she had a crush on, she could keep her cool. She couldn't do that in this case. Reagan's little hair flip made her *totally* lose concentration. She was in total panic mode.

She quickly exclaimed, "I'll do it!"

She covered her mouth right after, realizing she had made a mistake. This made Reagan happier than anything in the world.

She said, softly, "sorry about…that comment earlier…thanks so much for doing this."

Carmen couldn't back out now. Still a bit flustered, she huffed while Reagan opened the door with the push of a button, allowing them to leave. She waved as they left. "Best of luck, Carmen Sandiego and...friends!"

The door closed in an instant. Reagan had a lot of thoughts about what had just happened. Had she done the right thing? Did she *really* have to flirt with a woman who was, by her guess, only 22 or 23? She knew that as a thirty-year-old, she could date anyone between the ages of 22 and 46, according to that silly "Half Your Age Plus 7" relationship rule. One could say that she was a *little* attracted to Carmen and she hoped to see her again. She even blushed when she thought about it. On the other hand, this was all necessary to make sure her plan came to fruition. Collecting herself, she pressed a button and the energy field deactivated. She touched another and a disk came out of the wall. With the disk in her hand, she left the room and walked toward the war room. She would be *ready* to coordinate the operation to steal the jewel from LGR. It was all part of her plan to take over the world and beyond, one

step at a time, even though she wasn't sure exactly how it would all fit together. That would come to her…in time.

Carmen was glad to be free. This Reagan Ridley person continued to confound her. Could she trust her? She wasn't sure. She believed in her team, often called "Team Red." She felt like she was in a bind. She asked them for advice, starting with her close friend in crime. "Ivy, what should I do?"

Ivy was surprised. She didn't think that her boss, of sorts, would ask for her help. Usually, it was the other way around. Carmen had led Team Red for years.

"You should do this for her and try to bring her to the side of good."

Zack chimed in. "Yeah, sis, you are *so right*! She can't be all on the side of…evil."

Player grumbled when hearing the conversation between them. He didn't really like being around people, like Reagan. He'd rather be sitting in front of a computer screen by himself, in his room, a dark cave only lit by the light emanating from his computer screens. Carmen could see Player's apprehension on his face and moved over to him. In the meantime, Zack and Ivy argued about the difference between "good" and "evil."

Carmen wanted to check up on Player. "Are you ok?" she asked. He shook his head.

While people would reply "Sure" or "Yes," he decided to tell her the truth.

He whispered to her, "no, I'm not. I need to get on a computer if…we are going to do this." She understood. She began walking away from Zack and Ivy. She told them to stay put.

"I'm gonna help Player get a computer here…which they are bound to have…to help us with this mission."

Zack and Ivy were ok with that. She and Player began walking around the halls until she came across a door labeled "War Room." She guessed that they might have a computer inside. Busy with helping Player, she didn't even recognize the familiar voice. She quickly opened the door.

"Does anyone have a computer…a…," Player then interjected. "A clean room so I can do my hacking to help Carmen here…with this theft."

Gigi, Brett, Glenn, Dr. Andre, and Magic Myc were eating lunch at their weirdly shaped table.

Eying her outfit, Gigi exclaimed, "come in, Ms. snappy dresser…dang, you look fine!"

She said this, even though she recognized her as Carmen Sandiego. Glenn kept snarfing down his lunch, not really looking toward her, and Dr. Andre kept smoking his chemtrails.

Magic Myc asked, "let me read your mind" as he began extending one of his tentacles.

Carmen backed away and tried to be nice about it. "No thanks…Mr…uh…mushroom man."

Brett got up and walked toward her. He was the only one who wanted to introduce himself to Carmen in a "normal" way. "Hi, I'm Brett Hand, what's your name?"

She answered sheepishly, "Carmen Sandiego…and this is my friend, Player…Reagan put us on this mission..."

Before she could say anything, Reagan came into the room like she knew the conversation was happening and was *annoyed* she hadn't been part of it.

"Can you leave MY new…asset…alone?" she said, dumbfounding everyone. When did Reagan *ever* have an asset other than them? *Who* was this woman anyway? At that moment, Carmen felt *grateful* for Reagan being there, although she still wasn't sure if she could trust her.

Reagan went a step further and exclaimed, "get her what she and her…friend…needs…this mission is *important* to me."

Gigi, Brett, Glenn, Andre, and Myc nodded their heads in agreement. Brett led Player to an isolated room where he could engage in hacking of information systems to help Carmen with her theft from the LGR.

Without wanting to embarrass herself, Carmen exclaimed, "I'lll be…getting that silver patriot jewel for you" and began walking the other way.

Gleeful, Reagan replied. "Thanks a million! We will coordinate what we can from here."

Right after Carmen left the room, Gigi turned to Reagan. She said, loudly, "what are you doing bringing a *nice thing* like her around here? It's like she could be…"

Guessing what Gigi would say next, Reagan rolled her eyes and added the word "girlfriend" afterward. That wasn't what Gigi was thinking. she messed with Reagan a little bit.

"So, you really like this woman, do you?"

Reagan's cheeks got warm and reddish. She didn't know what to tell Gigi. She breathed in and answered firmly.

"It's all part of the plan. Whether I like her or not is not relevant."

Brett jumped to her defense, as a caring and sensitive person. He didn't want an argument in the office. They needed to stick together.

"Now, now, let's simmer down now…Reagan can love *anyone* she wants…even this Carmen Sandiego fellow *if she wants*…that's her business."

Reagan was on board with what Brett said. Glenn had left the room to test his arsenal of new weapons and Myc had gone to read people's minds.

Andre remained. "You two look cute together," he said, clearly very high. Reagan shook her head.

Unfortunately for her, Carmen had overheard the whole conversation and she felt even more uneasy. The person she was working for…*liked her*? What was she supposed to do now? The only thing she knew how to do was to complete her mission. That was what she had to do. She put *all her feelings aside* and focused on the task ahead.

Breathing deeply, she put in her earpiece and heard a familiar voice on the other end. "Red, are we ready for this?"

Carmen was glad to hear that Player hadn't been harmed. No one at Cognito seemed intent on harming her or anyone on Team Red.

She replied, matter-of-factly, "yes, Player, we are. Everything is in place."

She didn't want to ask Player if he was ok. She believed that a person from that shadowy organization would be listening. She had to use her words very carefully.

An unmarked van pulled up outside of Cognito. A masked woman threw Carmen, Ivy, and Zack inside, then sped off.

Back in the war room, Glenn looked at the monitors with concern. "Reagan, we have a problem."

She laughed. She had contingencies in place if anything like this occurred. She knew what they had to do. "Call in the assassins," she told him.

He feigned ignorance. *What people* did she mean? He was confused. "Reagan, what do you mean?"

She grumbled. How could it be that hard? Didn't anyone remember them? "I mean I.M.P., those demons I worked with to try and off my dad…the ones we met last week."

Glenn *knew* who she meant. He liked those demons. They were the best assassins he had ever seen. Picking up a telephone, he typed in the number 1-800-TO-HELL. A phone line had been established from Cognito to Hell for this very occasion. Those in Hell were *so cheap* they got a 1-800 number rather than a direct line.

At the I.M.P. headquarters, a tired Hellhound answered the phone. "Hello, this is I.M.P. Now, what the hell do you want?"

Glenn tried to answer carefully. He wanted to make sure these assassins would do their job. He also did not want to offend them.

"I'm Glenn Dolphman from Cognito and I'd like you to kill…a *couple humans*."

Loona vaguely remembered that name. It didn't come to her at first. Then she remembered who they were: humans who ran a shadow organization on the surface. They gave her the creeps.

"Sorry…we don't take requests from humans…or dolphins.'

The line disconnected. Glenn got up out of his chair in a rage. He couldn't believe what she had said to him. No one turned him down! He complained to Reagan. "That damn woman hung up on me!"

Reagan half-guessed this would happen. She knew what to do. She picked up the phone and dialed the same number. She got the same response from Loona.

"I know you *might* want to hang up," she began, "but I'm willing to pay a generous sum," she continued.

Loona *considered it*. She said, tentatively, "hold one moment please."

She put down the phone and grabbed Blitzo. She looked at him, *utterly terrified*. "It's those Cognito people again…led by that lady who had us kill her dad."

Blitzo remembered it all too well. He didn't want anyone to hurt his precious Loona. He would never let that happen. He started speaking into the phone. "Can you guarantee our safety?"

Reagan chuckled. She was willing to give them all and everything she wanted if they never entered Cognito itself. She wanted to, paradoxically enough, keep their secrets.

"Yes. And I'll even get you a base to set up a permanent headquarters on the Earth's surface… you are the best assassins in the business, right?"

Blitzo couldn't argue with that. He smiled. Everything was on the up and up. "It's a pleasure doing business you miss…"

She then remarked, "just call me Reagan."

Blitzo remembered that name from before. He wanted an answer to *one question*. What was their mission and why was she asking them? "Ok, Reagan, what's the target?"

She laughed haughtily. She almost screamed out *the name*. She would have a chance to get rid of it forever and not have any regrets. "The LGR…the Ladies of the Great Rebellion…in downtown D.C."

Blitzo had no idea what building she meant, and he *didn't care*. If they were paid well and got rid of the people they were supposed to, he could care less about a stinking building. Besides, they were assassins. *What could go wrong*?

On another side of the city, the unmarked van came to a stop. Carmen, Ivy, and Zack looked at one another. A woman with a greenish sock mask opened the vehicle's two back doors. She easily picked them up by their clothes and hurled them onto the sidewalk. "Sayonara, suckers!" the woman exclaimed. She slammed the doors, then hopped into the driver's seat and sped away.

Carmen, Ivy, and Zack were puzzled. What had just happened? Who was that woman? They had no idea. That didn't matter now. What Zack saw next made him shiver. He pointed at the placard above the door.

"Uh, guys, we are at the…LGR."

Ivy was worried. Was the masked woman *working for Reagan*? Or had she brought them there for another reason? Carmen put all that aside and realized they had a job to do. Her feelings were irrelevant, she believed. Instead, she saw this heist as necessary to protect her team. That is what truly mattered to her.

"We have to get this silver patriot jewel…so, let's get going, team!"

Ivy and Zack were less than enthusiastic. They decided to follow her need regardless. They *hoped* that this would end well for them.

As they began their mission, Reagan, back at Cognito, received a text. It was from a person labeled "green hands girl" in her phone. Flipping her phone over, she saw what it said: "Op Red is a go."

She smiled. Everything was going as planned. She quickly typed back a response, "Be on standby. Initiate Op NPC if necessary." She quickly received a response: "Acknowledged." She snickered and began to laugh maniacally. Since she sat in the chair in her office away from everyone else, *no one* else saw her actions, or knew her plan.

Carmen entered the dimly lit library with anticipation. Only a lone security guard patrolled the halls, checking to make sure if anyone was there as he whistled to himself. If she had been there in the daytime, the researchers would be fast working, under deadlines from their bosses who wanted them to work faster and faster on complicated forms. Even though they had the technology for everything to be digital, their members were mostly elderly White ladies. All the changes had to be made by hand, scanned in, turned into digital documents, then printed out. The process could be confusing and bureaucratic. The bosses shouted orders and declared that the workers were not being productive enough. At the same time, they kept on workers who were so incompetent that they would have failed the rigorous tests given to new employees.

Reagan had been one of those people. She had the naive idea that her passion for learning more about her past could be a skill that she could use in a job. She created ways to track her progress as a new employee, hoping she could use it to show how much work she had done. To make matters worse, her bosses, a 30-something woman, who had a book on Asperger's on her work desk, and a man in his forties, turned these tools against her. Despite this, she remained optimistic that everything would be fine and that she would be OK. When she walked to a nearby park often filled with onlookers playing with flying disks, walking their dogs, or other fun activities, she continued to reassure herself about her self-worth. She would rather read a book, decompress, and talk to herself than have any "friends." She often wore an earpiece to make it look like she was talking to another person while she talked to herself. She survived through it all.

She enjoyed her job on a level despite the soul-crushing labor. She even got a travel stipend, riding the subway from a suburb outside town. She lived in a crowded hovel with six other people, a place clearly meant for far fewer. She loved the cash. She used to shop at a gourmet food store and buy artisan sweet bread every week. She could walk to work, past museums, nonprofits, a building looking like a pastry gone wrong. Other people couldn’t do that. She

loved it all, even her coworkers. Still, she felt so alone, like these co-workers didn't care about her at all. Instead, they cared about inane topics which never interested her.

One day around 3:30 PM, she came back from the bathroom. The workspace was empty. She wondered where everyone was. She got a call on her work phone. It told her to come into the office. She did as she was told, marching herself in, like a dutiful worker. There were signs before this that things weren't going well. She had met with her bosses, who told her to pick up the pace and work more "efficiently." She said she was trying. They wanted more and they wanted it faster. She tried her best, but it wasn't good enough. When she walked into that office, the HR director handed her a paper, and explained that her position was being terminated. She read over the letter carefully, explaining why they thought she should no longer be working at the LGR, handing her last paycheck, and letting her keep her paltry retirement account.

After tidying up her desk and handing in her badge, she walked out the building for the last time. Her boss told her to "have a good life" and that this job was "not a good fit" for her. She walked down the street shamefully, back to the subway station, and her hovel. If she had a more supportive family, she would have called them without delay. She would have said that the LGR had fired her and cried while sitting on a chair on the porch of the hovel where she was staying, wondering what she could do and why this happened to her, of all people. If that had happened, her mom and her dad would have comforted her, calming her down and making her feel better about herself. She then would have left the next day like nothing ever happened and toured around the museums in the nation's capital. Later, she would have told her landlord that she couldn't stay at the hovel anymore. He would have understood and let her shorten her stay. Her parents would have picked her up and taken her home.

None of that happened for Reagan. She had no support network and no one looking out for her. She knew enough to not trust her father. Even so, she had no choice but to reach out to him. She called her father.

"Dad, can I work at Cognito?"

She could almost hear him grinning through the phone. "Yes, Reagan, I thought you'd *never* ask."

He didn't even mention her earlier job. It didn't matter. She wanted to forget it. She'd rather start another job instead. Now that she had control of Cognito, she could do what she wanted all along. She could get back at the fuckers who fired her. They would experience what it was like to be lonely, depressed, unemployed, and alienated. They needed to feel her pain.

Inside the LGR, Carmen quickly approached the glass case surrounding the silver patriot jewel. Unlike other museums, this jewel did not have the same security systems. She easily cut through the glass and snagged the jewel. The security guard had been knocked out with a rag dipped in chloroform by Ivy, while Zack remained as a lookout. She began speaking into her earpiece. "Player, we got the item."

He responded carefully. He didn't want to say anything which could hurt Carmen. Unknowingly, their conversation put her in jeopardy. "Red, congrats. I'll let you…" The

transmission began to be interrupted with static. The next words she heard made her chill in fear.

"Red…they are trying to kill you…a rocket is heading your way."

When she tried to speak to him again, all she heard was static. She wasn't sure if he was right, until she heard a window smash and saw the rocket screaming toward her. She quickly grabbed Zack and dashed out of the room, just before an explosion engulfed the LGR library *in flames*. Ivy joined up with Carmen and Zack who were running out of the building as quickly as they could. They were afraid for all their lives.

A few rooftops away, a reddish-skinned demon cackled. It was Millie. Still holding the bazooka on her shoulder, she smiled with glee. She had thrown Molotov cocktails, used various firearms, and a battle ax, but never a weapon like this.

"Isn't it beautiful, Mox!" she exclaimed, as she held him close by.

He smiled and whispered "yeah, it's great." He then shrugged her off. He didn't want anything distracting him from his focus. He used the sniper rifle to focus on two individuals getting into a car, doing exactly what Reagan had predicted. As soon as they entered the vehicle, he fired off a single shot. The bullet had been specially designed to go through any surface and explode upon impact with gasoline. It accelerated through the air at an incredible speed. The unsuspecting people never knew what hit them. In an instant, their car exploded and the two people were *incinerated*. Moxxie was ecstatic! He rubbed noses with his favorite demon.

He was more relaxed now that the job had been finished, or *so he believed*. "Aw, you cute Angel of Death…you were great today" he told her. Millie reciprocated, happily. Loona would have loved this if she had been with them.

Blitzo rolled his eyes. He wasn't a person who liked public displays of affection, especially when they *weren't done here*. He angrily snarled.

"Take your love fest somewhere else…we still have to finish the job."

He took the bazooka from Millie, who willingly gave him the weapon. She saw no use for it at that point. He aimed it at the LGR building. A rocket flew out and toward the main power generator of the building, causing it to explode. The flames traveled through the air vents, with fire engulfing the building and the nearby music hall.

"That's how you do it," he told them. He took out a phone and typed the words "It's done."

He then took out a fancy book, an arcane spellbook belonging to Stolas, which allowed them to travel between the human world and Hell. Opening the pages, it created a portal, which the three of them stepped into. They were on their way back to I.M.P. headquarters, feeling triumphant. Even so, Moxxie was *slightly* peeved at how dismissive Blitzo had been.

While I.M.P. had left, they had only been *partly successful*. Although the LGR was on fire and two people had been killed, Carmen, Zack, and Ivy were still alive. The two people had

been *an important part* of Reagan's life: her bosses when she worked at the LGR. One was his direct supervisor, a woman named Zabith Infierno, and her boss, a man named Aril Ilitar. When Reagan heard they were dead and gone, it felt like a weight *had been lifted*. No longer could they mess with her thoughts and be part of her life. She could even use the services at Cognito to forget all the memories she had of that awful workplace. She grumbled at the fact that Carmen and her team remained alive, as a text from "green hands girl" informed her. She wrote back three simple words: "Initiate Op NPC." The woman stepped out of her van and stashed her phone in her pocket.

She snuck up on Carmen, Zack, and Ivy, who were *caught off guard* in their weakened state. She easily knocked them all out, dragging them inside her gray van. She took off Carmen's trademark red hat and coat, fancying herself in the same clothes. She placed small computer chips on each of their foreheads, which blinked in succession. Cackling, she said, ominously, "Carmen Sandiego, you have no idea what's coming, do you?"

Not long after, Carmen, Zack, and Ivy arrived at Cognito, Inc., taken inside by their captor. No one paid them any mind as she brought them straight to Reagan's office and took the bags off their heads.

"I've brought the miscreants here…into this super creepy place."

Reagan smiled. She didn't expect to meet a woman she called the "green hands girl." Unlike with Carmen, she *genuinely* felt attracted to this woman, although what the woman said about Cognito annoyed her a little. She even addressed her by name. "That will be all…Shego."

Hearing her name, Shego looked intently at Reagan. She had *wanted* to see Reagan, one of the first clients for her new firm, Green Hands Girl Enterprise, a contracting group which took mercenary jobs. She thought that Reagan, and Cognito could be an end to her one-off jobs since she had become "good." She could be a *forever client*! She came up with something on the spot.

"This place you have is…uh…rad…let me show how these neuro-compliance clips work."

She belted out a command: "WALK FORWARD."

Carmen, Zack, and Ivy followed her command mindlessly. They could remember and see what was happening to them. However, they could do *nothing* to stop it. Reagan was impressed. With such a device, Cognito could easily put anyone she wanted under her control. What impressive power to have.

"Shego, these devices are great. You can start as one of our field agents, *at once*! You can make sure that people don't figure out about *our*…conspiracies."

Nervously twirling her hair, Reagan then added, "uh, let's hang out sometime."

Shego was surprised to hear that. She chuckled and added, "anytime, Ray-gun…see you on the flip side…I gotta blast on outta here!"

As she said that, her green energy concentrated in her hands, and she blew a hole in the wall, followed by flips outside the building and onto the ground below. The damage to the building made her *slightly* angry. However, she was overjoyed to meet another woman who was the same age as her and could help Cognito accomplish its goals. It was a win-win. Coming into the executive suite which she now occupied since she had taken care of her father, she sat down behind a desk. She relaxed in a comfortable leather chair. She pressed a button on the desk and two guards appeared in her room, holding Carmen, Zack, and Ivy. She directed the guards to bring these miscreants to the re-conditioning room on level 7. The guards complied and took them away. Their fate, and that of Player, *remained in the balance*.

Just then, Gigi burst into her room. "Reagan, we have an emergency. People are beginning to ask questions about the explosion at the Ladies of the Great Rebellion and the killing of those two people. I'd like your advice."

Reagan shrugged. She tried to reassure Gigi. "Do what you do best. Spin and manipulate the news, blame anyone else for the actions."

Scratching her head, an idea immediately came to her. After remembering the day's news, she suggested, "blame it on Russia. Nowadays anyone will believe that they are behind anything. People are so damn gullible and pliable, it's too easy to convince them of bullshit."

A smile went across Gigi's face. She appreciated the support. There is *nothing better* than for your supervisor, and your friend, to believe in you. "Thanks so much, Reagan!"

Grinning, Reagan added, "not a problem!"

After Gigi left, Reagan slumped into her chair. She had enough social interaction for the day. She *hated* that phrase "not a problem" but it slipped out. She thought it was an annoying phrase that goofballs used. The book *How to be a Badass Female Boss* by Dijonay Jones, now the head of Dijonay Industries, had told her that phrases like that would get coworkers to respect you. So, she *tried it*. Reagan wanted to take a rest after everything that had happened. She unveiled a huge television screen and tapped the controller. After some static, it turned on. The first channel she began watching had a breaking news report. It began just as she expected:

> "Hi, this is Glock Rod. Two senior intelligence officials are telling NNC News that Russia is behind the heinous assaults of two *outstanding citizens* in Washington, D.C., and the bombing of the Ladies of the Great Rebellion in the downtown. Let's cut now to an announcement from President Ridrump on the evolving crisis:
>
> 'This is a cowardly act by the Russian government to strike fear into the hearts of the American people. I am sanctioning their intelligence apparatus…they *will pay* for what they have done and will suffer the pain of a thousand suns. No one stands up to America and…'"

Reagan had heard enough. This type of jingoistic claptrap could convince anyone to *do anything*, even making people mindlessly support the blame of a whole group of people for an action committed by a country's government. Utter poppycock. She flipped to the next channel.

> "I'm Olf Litzer. We are hearing from government sources that Russia is behind this despicable act which strikes at the heart of American democracy. We mourn the deaths of Zabith Infierno, and Aril Ilitar. They will live in infamy…"

She clicked onto the next channel. It had reporting on the same issue, although had a different spin. The chyron at the bottom asked "CIA behind assassination? Unnamed source says YES." The host wore a suave suit. He had hair that looked like it had gone through a blender and a washing machine *at the same time*. This host, named Rucker Narlygrin, claimed they had information no one else on any other channel had, and were airing an exclusive:

> "The rest of those other channels are saying it is Russia. We have the REAL scoop here. *It was the CIA!* An unnamed government source gave me intimate knowledge of the plans. It all makes sense. It's clearly a false flag operation so that the government *can institute martial law*. I will never stand for such American tyranny. We are the land of the brave and don't you ever forget that. I will die on the grave of American freedom with a flag stabbed through my heart!"

Reagan was a bit thrown by the last one. What was that guy even talking about? *She had no clue.* She knew that Gigi's disinformation campaign and spin about the assassinations, and bombing, had been successful. No one would ever suspect that a group of demons, from the depths of hell, were behind it all. None of these pundits, half of whom were reptilian clones who served the Shadow Council, *cared about the truth.* All they wanted was money and more money. They would say anything to stay on the air and the public *would eat it up*, with lively debates on social media between those who believed Russia was behind the attack and those who believed it was the CIA. They had *fostered* this discord and Reagan couldn't be prouder. In many ways, everything was going according to plan.

End Notes

Used "A.C.M.E. (2019)," "Carmen Sandiego (2019 character)," "Player (2019 character)" on the Carmen Sandiego wiki, "Loona," "I.M.P.," "Millie," and "Moxxie," on the Hazbin Hotel wiki, "Neuro-compliance chip" page on Kim Possible Wiki, and "Reagan Ridley" page on Inside Job Wiki. This story is slightly inspired, in one part, by real events.

Works inspired by this one

Shego the Hypnodomme and Kim's Submission by lefemmerougensfw

Mateo's Return to Avalor, Naomi's Lingering Fears, Bloodthirsty Demons, and Elena's Dangerous Mission to Hell by lefemmerouge2

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